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AN
ACADEMY
FOR
GROWN HORSEMEN;
CONTAINING THE
COMPLETEST INSTRUCTIONS

FOR
WALKING,
TROTting,
CANtering, || GALLOPING,
 STUMBLING, AND
 TUMBLING.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH COPPER PLATES, AND ADORNED WITH A
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

By GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.

RIDING MASTER, MASTER OF THE HORSE, AND GRAND
EQUERRY TO THE DOGE OF VENICE.

The Third Edition.

“ To turn and wind 'a fiery Pegasus,
“ And witch the world with noble Horsemanship.”
SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. NICHOLSON, WARNER STREET,
FOR W. BAYNES, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

THE EDITOR has to lament that the first pages of our Author's work, are amongst those missing, but as the Author himself, in his *Preface*, seems to have arranged his string of instructions, the *Editor* thinks himself justified in placing those first that relate to the choice of a horse.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND,
GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
AND
COLONEL OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT OF
DRAGOON GUARDS.

To your Lordship, as commanding a regiment of cavalry, a Treatise of Horsemanship comes immediately in the line of your profession; I, therefore, humbly conceive, that consideration alone, would authorise me

with propriety to request your patronage and protection for this my adopted foundling; to which petition I am further induced by the patriotic hopes of being useful to my country: for having, with regret, observed, that both your Lordship, and the corps under your command, if one may judge by appearances, are totally ignorant of the graces and superior advantages attending Mr. Gambado's system, I have flattered myself, that on a perusal of it, you will not only adopt it yourself,

but also use your interest to introduce it into the service. What might not be expected from the British Cavalry thus improved?

I might here enter into a train of common-place compliments, and flourish away on the laurels your Lordship might by this means gather, in addition to those already acquired; but I will not offend your delicacy: besides, laurel is a tree not cultivated in these piping times of peace: I shall therefore conclude this epistle with my sincere wishes, that

your Lordship may long,
very long, in health and
spirits enjoy your BAYS.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient

Humble Servant,

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1787.

THE EDITOR.

FRAGMENT
OF THE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THERE needs no apology for putting forth this little volume; there would, on the other hand, need many for with-holding it from the publick. Philanthropy has induced me to make known to the world, the following rules; by observing which alone, horsemanship may become a safe and pleasing

amusement: and I doubt not, but every true judge of the noble art, will acknowledge the excellence of my instructions ; and every true lover of it applaud my public spirit, in circulating them abroad for the benefit of mankind at large.

* * * * *

I have had some difficulty in fixing upon a title for my work : A Vade Mecum is quite hacknied out: A School is become of late years, a term entirely applied to comedies ; and for *Every Man his own Horseman*, an ingeni-

ous professor in Dublin assured me it was a bull.

I have therefore adopted Academy; I think it is happily chosen, properly expressive, and has, I think, been affixed to but one work of genius, *viz.* The Academy of Compliments, a publication, which, thanks to our present politeness, is now scarcely remembered.

The Academy for grown Horsemen, is a work that has cost me much labour, and the application of some years, to complete. But, when I consider the vast

utility it may be of to my fellow creatures; that they are to profit by it and not myself:

“ Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves.”

I flatter myself I have not wasted the midnight oil in vain, “ and I look with pleasure on my book, giving it to the world with the satisfaction of a man who has endeavoured to deserve well.” May many be the necks it preserves for nobler purposes.

* * * * *

I am happy in having met with an artist, who has illustrated my ideas of horse-

manship completely to my wishes, and I here beg leave thus publicly to acknowledge my obligations to him.

* * * * *

As I shall be as concise and explicit as possible in the valuable instructions and discoveries I am now about to communicate to the world; it will be the reader's own fault, if he does not profitably benefit by them. When I have told him how to chuse a horse, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to

mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and, above all, how to ride him home again; if he is not a complete horseman in the course of ten or dozen summers, I will be bold to foretell, that neither the skill of Mr. Astley, nor the experience of Mr. John * Gilpin, will ever make him one.

* * * * *

“ Nil desperandum, me duce Teucro.”

* Mr. John Gilpin. The author mentions John, to distinguish him from William. Both these gentlemen are elegant and enlightened travellers, and have published each their tour:—John, his to Edmonton, in 1782;—William, his to Cumberland, in 1786.

THE

EDITOR to the READER.

It is to the same propitious stars, which rescued the creatures with the craws from perdition, that we are indebted for the recovery of the fragments that compose this most invaluable work. Fortune indeed was most lavish in her smiles upon the Editor, by throwing at once before his sight, in an obscure alehouse near Limehouse Hole, on their first landing, the most extraordinary bipeds that perhaps ever visited this country; and to his much greater astonishment, some manuscript sheets of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

On comparing notes (by signs) with these ultramarine beings, he concluded, and with much reason, that the abovementioned sheets
were

were thrown over board by the author (in hopes mankind might yet profit by the recovery of some of them) at the moment the vessel that contained him was going to the bottom; which it is well known was the case, in the Gulph of Venice, a few days previous to the catching of the Crows; and in this surmise he soon found he was nearly right.

Two particular circumstances must yet be noticed. The title page stiles Mr. Gambado Master of the Horse, Riding Master, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice; and so in truth he was appointed in the year of our Lord 1785.

Living in the habits of intimacy with him that the Editor did, he is competent not only to decide what his views were, but what were his sentiments of the Equestrians of his own country, previous to his embarkation for Italy.

That he held in utter contempt the mode of riding commonly adopted in England, was obvious,

obvious, from his never riding like any body else; and upon the Doge of Venice honouring him with the above appointments (and honorary it was supposed they were only meant to be) he was so elated, that he instantly packed up a portmanteau, bought two saddles, as many bridles, six pair of spatterdashes, with spurs affixed, a large roll of diaculum plaister, two pair of patent stirrups, with his MSS. works, (and providentially a few drawings from which the plates in this little volume are engraved); and in a few hours put himself on board a vessel for Trieste, which sailed immediately, and was lost a few leagues from Ragusa. A sailor (one of the few that escaped by putting himself in a fish-kettle, and tying it round his middle, having previously painted it green*) has informed the Editor, that he saw the last of Mr. Gambado; and his end was as singular as his life had been. The vessel being

* It is imagined Mr. Lunardi has fallen in with this man.—
N. B. Not into the Sea.

expected to go to pieces every instant, he drank a quart of hot punch, and came coolly on the deck; and having first called up all the fortitude he was able, he next called up his servant, with all the saddles and bridles that could be got; and having mounted himself on the largest, and taking a bridle in one hand, and a paper case in the other, desired to be thrown into the sea. This was complied with, but the informant adds, that the boatswain being somewhat desirous to save his life likewise, hastily jumped up behind the unfortunate Gambado, and he apprehends that the saddle, although new and large, was not master of his additional weight, for it dropt with such precipitancy as to throw our Author out of his seat, and his foot catching and hanging in the stirrup*, soon put an end to his mortal career. And it must be confessed that he made his exit *en parfait cavalier*; and an honour to his

* His patent stirrups were probably packed up, or the Author would at least, have had a swim for it.

leather he was *. The boatswain was saved by laying fast hold on the crupper.

The Editor (besides the friendship he entertained for this great man), cannot help thinking it is a thousand pities, he should have been lost in so foolish a manner. But such was his rapture at the honours conferred on him by the Doge, and such his disgust for British horsemanship, that delicacy restrained his friends from acquainting him there was no such a thing as a horse to be found in all Venice; and yet they have not a doubt, if he had been apprized of this circumstance in time, he never would have embarked for that capital at all.

When the Crows were first picked up in their pleasure-boat, it was observed they were all over white patches; upon examination it appeared that they were sheets of paper artfully fastened round them with strings of sea-weeds,

* An honour to his Cloth—is applied to many a drunken Parson; and I do not see why. To Geoffrey, Leather is more suitable.

and

and the sailors, from the impulse of curiosity, lifting some of them up, discovered hand-writing underneath. It should seem that these modest creatures had undoubtedly picked up the papers floating on the surface of the ocean, and converted them to the same use our first parents did the fig-leaves. This is however but a conjecture of the Editor; who certainly met with the fragments of his friend's intended book, in the same place where he first saw the Craws, and where he was told the circumstance of their having worn them.

It is left to the deeper searchers into the wonders of nature (and who are now puzzling to resolve from whence the ladies and gentlemen now lodging at Mr. Becket's, the trunk-maker, in the Haymarket, can possibly come), to determine whether the preservation of the following sheets, is owing to an innate modesty in the creatures with monstrous craws, or to their natural admiration for learning, and a wish to preserve sheets, although adorned
with

with characters totally unknown, and unintelligible to them.

It was necessary for the Editor to explain how he came possessed of the few materials that compose this work. Having done this, he has only to add, that he has recovered a part only of the Author's preface, a few drawings, some notes, an anecdote or two, and about twenty pages of instructions to grown horsemen; but so broken and unconnected, that had he attempted the putting them together, he must have formed a book of his own: Having however, a thorough sense of the superior abilities of the original Author, he wishes rather to give them to the public in scraps as he received them, but arranged to the best of his ability. And he may be bold to add, that as *morceaus* choice as these, would not fall every day into their mouths, were they to hold them

f incessantly

incessantly open, the public would swallow them with avidity, and digest them either immediately, or at their leisure.

The notes that are preserved, are written in a hand unknown to the Editor, and are evidently the remarks of some good-natured friend of Mr. Gambado. By the ingenuity of many of them, and their peculiarity of stile, they bear strong marks of the masterly pen that produced the annotation to the first editions of Mr. Bell's Shakespeare. The portrait of the Author, prefixed, is engraved from a drawing by another of his friends, done from memory; it is like, but a likeness that tinctures of the prejudice of friendship. Jeffery was not so slim, or was his eye so poignant; nor was he ever known to be possessed of a pair of boots himself, though he often mentions boots in his writings.

Of late years, many portraits of celebrated men have been given to the public from memory: Mr. Mason has favoured us with a
most

most formidable likeness of Gray the Poet; another eminent writer has treated us with one of the noted Charles Price; and we are now furnished, with by no means, a small resemblance of Jeffery Gambado.

Of Jeffery, or as he himself desired it to be wrote, Geoffrey Gambado, little is known of the descent: but that his father was a taylor, he himself has assured me; and that he lived in Devonshire is no less certain. Being a prodigious horseman (his customers living all at a considerable distance from him) I make no doubt but it was in allusion to him, that the term of “riding like a taylor” took its rise. A term still particularly applicable to the natives of that county.

The inhabitants of Yorkshire and the vicinity of Newmarket may turn it into ridicule if they please, but it was meant as highly complimentary and honourable to that valuable body of men. Was not the flying highwayman a taylor? were not three parts of General

Elliott's

Elliott's dragoons taylor? and was not he who made that dangerous excursion to Brentford, a taylor?

We are told in a preliminary advertisement to the Tale of the Recess, that "the breaks in the story only tend to heighten the pathetic." A hope attends the Editor, that the breaks in the ensuing work will only serve to give the reader a greater relish of what remains of it, and prevent the glut generally accompanying "too much of a good thing."



The Lady's Horse

FOR
GROWN HORSEMEN.

B

latter, are entirely founded in error, and calculated merely to break the necks of his Majesty's most faithful subjects.

I shall endeavour to prove, and I flatter myself to conviction, that the above mentioned authors are grossly mistaken in all their opinions upon the noble art and science of horsemanship; that even their ideas of the proud animal himself are partial and ill-founded; that the French Parocel, and the Flemish Wouvermans, drew such horses as never existed; and that when we do meet with a horse, that in the least resembles their designs, he is bad and dangerous in the extreme.

* * * * *

It is a melancholy truth, that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated, but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is to be seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit
of



16. Bunbury Eng. 2. 1. 1.

Bunbury Eng. 2. 1. 1.

Evans

of blood! and well may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of.

* * * * *

There is indeed one breed of horses still extant, which might, and indeed ought, to be brought into more play. I mean what is vulgarly called the dray-horse*. This, I profess, is a noble animal, and admirably calculated to make a figure either on the road or in the

* Or rather *dra*-horse. The most useful animal in the creation, and respected by all antiquity. His name is immediately derived from the Greek verb *δραω*, i. e. *drao*, to do or work; because it was found that he could do more work than any other horse. The vehicle drawn by him was also well known to the Greeks by the name of *dray*, or rather *dra*; and it was in this carriage, and not in a waggon, as is vulgarly supposed, that Thespis carried his stage and actors. Hence the title of *dra*-ma and *dra*-matic, universally applied to all theatrical pieces. The Greek critics refer the invention of such works to the Doric tribes, because this very word *drao* was peculiar to the Doric dialect. If this account be correct, those tribes were also, without doubt, the first breeders of *dra*-horses; an encomium of high value among a people who derived many honourable epithets, as well as proper names, from skill and zeal in breeding and managing horses.

field.

field. Scarce one of them but is master of thirty stone or upwards. What a sublime scene would it be, to see fourscore or a hundred of these animals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of a hound. It would require the pen of Homer to describe such a spectacle.

On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route: Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it.

* * * * * As a purchaser, it is immaterial whether you go to Tattersall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's Hunt, or his Majesty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go. * * * * *

To



W. G. Dickenson Engraver

W. G. Dickenson Engraver

One way to stop a Horse.

To define a perfect horse is nearly impossible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely so. However, I shall endeavour to describe such outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requisite to the composition of one; and should such a phoenix fall in your way (and the taste of these times are so vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at present than you would have had some years back) I hope you will not let him slip through your fingers.

* * * * *

The heighth of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make, is like swarming the bannisters of a stair-case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may

C

have

have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

* * * * *

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) is to be preferr'd; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please, yourself, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious



W. H. Angell

W. Dickinson excudit

to ride gentle and agreeable to the

dicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now a days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the lord knows where.

* * * * *

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has, is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chusing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him: be well satisfied with his method

method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a “Wohey*,” and, after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence; and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge’s, or the Rhedarium, as well, and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into this secret.

* I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey’s delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is Wohey?



W. H. W. 1861

Be sure to buy a broken knee'd horse, whenever he falls in your way: the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen, (and scarified himself pretty much) never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmities in your stable, is always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your bookcase with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlett, and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf.

D

I would

I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne sçai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in summer (when the poor animals have most need of them); and that is, horses full of grass are very subject to scourings; in this case ride your horse with his tail in a bag, or else he may annoy you.

* * * * *

Having described for my reader a horse, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horseman, and having so done, my ambition would be gratified, my end answered, and I would never ride again myself, as long as I liv'd,

* * * * *

Few

Few writers on this subject have thought it necessary to prescribe any peculiar mode of dress to equestrians. I am such a zealot about the propriety of their appearance, that I think too much cannot be said on the subject. Heavens! how are the laws degraded since the abolition of full bottoms * in our Courts of Justice: I attribute the encrease of thievery to it, and firmly believe, that ten men are hanged for every inch curtailed in a Judge's wig.

The Editor can only attribute the singularity of the ten or a dozen lines that follow, to their having been written *after dinner*; Mr. Gambado being fond of pushing the bottle about briskly. His annotator seems to think the same; indeed, if he was the author's friend, he was a

* He might have added, how are our Ladies improved by the adoption of them.

very impartial one, for his criticisms pretty often border on the severe.

Bias, I think it is, that observes, the *tout ensemble* should be attended to in every thing; he judiciously remarks, that a beautiful woman ill-drest would be much better undrest; and he says much the same of rabbits and onions, but I forgot how he brings that to bear. The clear headed reader will soon perceive I have an eye at *him*; and having provided him with a steed, I would wish to make his rider a match for him; for your rider is half the battle*.

Touching

* Was ever so much absurdity crammed into so few lines! Our author could not be, ipse, he, when he wrote this! Bias talk French! O *coelum in terra*! and be a judge of a Lady's dress too! and understand cookery likewise! Why, Mr. Gambado, you really endow him with more talents than fell to the lot of the admirable Crichton, and you forget, do you, how he brings that to bear; and so do I too, upon my word. As to your having an eye at the reader, I don't believe it: like our honest friend Homer, I fancy, this was *your* time, to have been put to bed.

Half

Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, and should you be a sportsman and hunt the * forest, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you: for should your horse prove, what is properly termed too many for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family†. The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have past; and at the worst to know, in what part of the country to have you cried.

Half the battle, how vulgar! Our immortal bard, as they call him, in his highest vagaries never was *so low as this!*

* The stag hunt in Epping Forest on Easter Monday is supposed to be the most striking and superb chase in Europe. To this the author probably alludes.

† The author is here philanthropically amiable; and if the restoring a long lost husband to the arms of his spouse, has any claim to public reward, we should not grudge it a moment to his white wig, whilst we are lavishly bestowing it on useless quackeries.

E

I never

I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig, it is insupportable; and in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; and the ingenious artist I have employed to decorate this work with his designs, has very forcibly portrayed the inconvenience, and even danger of a hat of this sort, to a man of business. * By a man of business is not meant a Lord of the Treasury, or a Commissioner of Accounts, but what is called on the road, a rider, a bag-man or bagster.

A cock'd hat, besides this advantage over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in

* Would it be a very bold assertion to hazard, that, by a Lord of the Treasury, or a Commissioner of Accounts, is not meant a *Man of Business*? perhaps not.

windy weather, you are blinded, in rainy, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cock'd, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding might have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it, that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

* * * * *

Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe a single flapped saddle is the genteelest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boot and breeches, by which means, you will be satisfied that your leg is in a proper position.

* * * * *

Much of the author's friendly advice, as to
dress,

dress, is wanting; but the editor recollects he was a warm advocate for the riding in black plush breeches in summer: and ever recommended a coat of pompadour, or some conspicuous colour, for the same obvious reason, that he thought a large wig of such moment.

You may wear spurs, if you are not afraid; and the exercising them a good deal, will keep your blood in proper circulation, and prevent your toes from being cold.

Be very careful to spur your horse in the shoulders only; there he has most feeling, because he has most veins; besides, by spurring at his body, five times in six, your labour is lost; if you are a short man, you spur the saddle cloth; if you are leggy you never touch him at all; and if middling, you only wear out your own girths, without your horse being a bit the better for it.

Elegance



Woman riding up with her

Elegance of position is to be considered as particularly essential to every gentleman that appears on horseback in publick. And I shall endeavour to point out, what most immediately constitutes it.

The mode of leaning the body pretty forward over the pommel of the saddle, in a walk or a trot, has been too little in practice of late years, and it is high time it should be revived. There is an appearance of airiness in it, that embellishes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particularly if he be mounted on a long back'd horse, who throws his saddle well forward, and is unencumber'd with a crupper: here he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems, contemptuously, to leave all the world behind him.

By the bye, I have observed many a worthy citizen sent on a Sunday into Hyde Park, crupper'd up as tight as need be: but be very shy of a crupper, gentle reader, if your horse

F

naturally

naturally throws his saddle forward. It will certainly make his tail sore, set him a kicking, and very likely bring you into trouble. *Ex-perto crede.*

If then, you bend your body well forward, your rump sticking properly out behind, with your legs projected, I shall have hopes of you; you cannot I think fail of soon equalling my most sanguine expectations; and, after having attained this excellence (an excellence, let me tell you, arrived at but by few, and those men of the first knowledge and science, such as the Fellows of Colleges, the Livery-men of London, or, perhaps the crew of a man of war) I would advise you, without delay, to attempt another step towards equestrian perfection; that is, on riding either eastward or westward, to make your toes point due north and south, or vice versa.

Thus your spurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and thus, in turning
sharp

sharp round a post, your horse may be prevented from hurting himself by running against it*.

The standing up in your stirrups, whilst trotting, in the above position, has a most elegant and genteel effect; and I would have you make an essay to accomplish it, no doubt you will succeed, if you have the genius I take you to have.

A horse has various methods of getting rid of his man; at present, I will only advert to one. If your horse tumbles down with you, he will sometimes get up again, and should you not do the same in concert with him, and your foot remain in the stirrup, he may probably extend your airing whilst you remain in that aukward position; and however desirous you may be to remain behind, on you must go, during his pleasure. Now, of all the ways of conveyance that I have had a taste of, this is the least agreeable; if it should be the same to

* More Philanthropy.

you, provide yourself with a pair of patent stirrups; with them, your attachment to your horse may be as short as you please; they have done wonders; can I say more? I am happy in being able to bear testimony of their astonishing efficacy in the case of a friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. C—, A. M. when of Pembroke College, Cambridge; by transcribing his own words at the conclusion of an advertisement he inserted in all the papers, addressed to the patentee. Having purchased a pair of his stirrups, and falling, one afternoon, as he was accustomed, from his horse, he says, “but thanks to providence, and your noble invention, *my leg* and *your stirrup* coming off at the same instant, I escaped unhurt.” To what a pitch of perfection is human ingenuity arrived!

* * * * *

The being able to guide a horse, is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else; and I would advise
you



W. Bunbury Esq. delin.

J. Goussier sculp.

How to turn any Horse, Mare or Gelding

you always to ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman, and will assist you much in your steerage. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp, with both hands, on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over his right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again. This is the mode you will see adopted by every judicious pig-driver*, and I am told, that a pig is esteemed, by judges, to be far more averse to direct progression than a horse.

Lucan informs us, that the Massilians † rode
without

* A very in-judicious remark this; were a Pig to be driven in a hard and sharp, or a Weymouth, and a horse in a packthread tied to his hind leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive so handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horses, I think it is but fair to suppose them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace; whatever Mr. Astley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs.

† Our author seems fond of a bit of foreign language, his Latin, I suppose, he was supplied with by the parson of the parish; his French,

without bridles, and guided their horses with a switch :

“ Et gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso”

“ Ora levi flectit, frœnorum nescia virga.”

LUC.

“ Without a bridle on the bare back,”

“ Make with a stick their horse or mare tack.”

Virgil says the same of the Numidians:

“ Et Numidæ infreni cingunt.”

ÆN. 4

“ See Numidians, on horses unbridled approach.”

I know, he got from his father's journeyman, who (according to the old man's own phrase) was taught to *dislocate* coats at Paris. The Massilians are here lugged in, for the sake of the Latin verses, or to cry down the use of bridles ; but as I am one of those gentlemen, who had rather ride *with* a bridle, than *without* one; and as he must ransack the blackguard classicks for scraps of quotations, I will meet him, and as Sir Sampson Legend says in the play, “ Try whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of the day.”

“ Equi sine frœnis, deformis ipse cursus rigidâ cervice, et extento capite, currentium.”——LIVY, B. 7.

Good

Good riding this; but as to the switch, I'll maintain it that a whole or a half hunter* would be more efficacious; and as to the riding, good as it is, if Julius Cæsar did not cut out both Massilians and Numidians I'll be d—d†; and the reader will agree with me, when I produce my authority for his horsemanship, which is no less a character than Montaigne.

“On dit de Cæsar, qu'en sa jeunesse, monte a dos sur un cheval et sans bride, il lui faisoit prendre carriere les mains tournees derniere le dos‡.”

It is extremely wrong to put a gentleman on a restive horse||, when he is going out on busi-

* Whips, so denominated.

† Hey day! a new method this of laying down the law. If you go on thus, Mr. Author, the law will take you up in return; and it will cost you some shillings before you come to the end of your book.

‡ “It is said of Cæsar, that in his youth, being mounted on a horse's bare back, and without a bridle, he could make him perform his paces with his hands behind him.”——MONTAIGNE.

|| A strange epithet this, and I wonder who coined it; tell me of a rusty horse, and I shall know what it means, for I know what rusty locks are, and rusty weathercocks.

ness, or invited to dinner in the neighbourhood. In the first instance, if a man is not punctual, his credit is lowered; and making an apology for his horse will seldom be admitted; nor will any one make allowances for a guest, if his horse has stopt and turned round five thousand times with him, in five hundred yards, should the turtle be spoiled or the venison over-roasted.

In such cases, gentle reader, I should dismount and walk; but if you are averse to that, and you find that the beast will not go forward, let him have his whim, and go backwards, only take care to point his head the wrong way*, he will carry you pleasant enough so; but you must keep your own head well employed over both shoulders, or it may not answer at last.

Be provided with a horse block, it is a fine assistant in mounting, and I am amazed any

* I clearly see the author's meaning here: if he travels backwards, and the nag's head was the *right* way, he would never get his dinner, and it must be *wrong* not to go when invited.—Recte Domine.

gentleman

gentleman should be without one. The only danger I know attending it, is, that in your eagerness to mount, you may, by over-exerting yourself, lose your equipoise, and pitch upon your head on the off side of your horse. This has frequently happened to a friend of mine; but if you are cool and temperate, you will take your seat with ease and convenience. By mounting thus, you avoid all danger of being kicked, or bit which is more likely: as if you are a short man, by stretching out your toe, to get it sufficiently into the stirrup, you are very apt to tickle your horse under the elbow, and he will then infallibly attack you in the rear with his teeth. Besides the manifest advantage in a horseblock, it is a pretty airy ornament to the front of a house, and moreover, shews that the master of it, is a horseman; which, let me tell you, every man that lives by the road side is not. A horse is sometimes shy of these blocks, if yours should be so, talk to him a little, scratch his nose, and

use some gentle endearing method or other; and, I believe, the best of all is, to bid your foot boy, who leads him up to it, give him two or three smart kicks in the belly on the off side.

You are now mounted, and no doubt, anxious to set off: here then, observe my advice.

Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp: this will set him agoing for the whole day, and shew him you have spurs on, which, if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. I do not think there can be a more approved mode of setting off, than this is, but I must caution you, that the surprize will generally cause your horse to break wind, and with a pretty smart explosion too*: Let not this ruffle you†; many a worthy

* Indecent in a high degree.

† This is the second time the Author talks of a *worthy* man: possibly he means a man worth a good deal of money, alluding to our cockneys. But he should be more explicit when he treats on so serious a subject. Worthy, or unworthy, a man should not lose his life for a sore tail or a f—t.



man has lost his seat by so sudden an alarm : but use will soon reconcile you to it, as it does the rising of a covey of birds to a young sportsman. Thus, then, you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed, it is far from improbable, that he may run away with you, but if he does, you will make a most spirited appearance, as my ingenious elucidator shews you in the annexed plate.

When a man is once well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to stop his horse ; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promising experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all. Frenchmen, (and the French are excellent horsemen) will ride against one another; no bad way either: and I have seen riders make directly for a stable (if a door happens to be open) and with good effect. How

Julius

Julius Cæsar stopped his horse, when he rode with his hands behind him, I am at a loss to divine.

I remember seeing an ingenious Frenchman make four experiments upon Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His horse made away with him whilst Gimcrack was running a match, and the Count's hopes of stopping him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course, and rode slap-dash at Gimcrack, hoping to effect it by a broadside; but he was too quick for him, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him slanting: baffled in this second attempt, he relied on the Devil's ditch, as a certain check to his career; but his horse carried him clean over, safe and well: and had not the rubbing-house presented itself to his view, he assured me, he believed he should have soon reached London; dashing at this, with a true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his horse, not being able to proceed,



Portrait of Mrs. Pierce at Newbury

W. W. W. W.

ceed, stopped, and that so suddenly, that the Earl of Pembroke himself would have been dislodged, and old Newcastle lain with his mother Earth. The Count, it is true, came off, but tolerably well; the horse broke his head, and the Count likewise; so that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide, for the benefit of my readers, on the means I most approve of for putting a stop to such doings; and I am clearly for the stable door; if, entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you.

* * * * *

In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phaeton, or a stage coach, in short
I any

any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side, he may not see you on the other, and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg or perhaps neck.

Should a man on horseback be on the road, and leading another horse, always dash by the led one, you might otherwise set the man's horse capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by observing my instructions.

Take care never to throw your horse down, it is an unlucky trick and fit only for boys. Many gentlemen of my acquaintance, and I too, have been thrown down by our horses; yet I scarce know an instance upon record of a gentleman throwing his horse down; but many have complained to me of their servants doing it for them.

In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank,
and



W. B. 1780

W. B. 1780

and there be but a ditch, and an open country in the other side, if you are on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation; for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by slipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way.

I have given you the above hints, supposing you are now at home enough on horseback, to ride out alone, and may possibly be tempted to travel the road; as either the lucre of gain, or *the universal passion*, as a celebrated author calls the love of Fame, may send you forth.

Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at setting out, particularly from an inn, and after dinner: see that your girths are tight; many a good fall have I got by not attending to this. Hostlers are too apt to be
careless,

careless, and ought never to be paid till we see them the next time*. An instance of a singular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years since to the Rev. D. B. of Jesus College in Cambridge; which has given a discovery to the world (productive indeed of a paper war) but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4. The Doctor dined at the Crown, it was dusk when he set

* A learned dancing master in the university of Oxford, who taught politeness also, and published a book upon that subject, fixed the same period for passing a stile, in some cases, that is here judiciously recommended for the payment of an hostler: his precept was, that a well bred man meeting another, on the opposite side of a stile, ought on no account to be persuaded to go over first. The name of this ingenious author was Towle. Had two zealous pupils of his school met each other at a stile, it is supposed they must have concluded their lives on the premises. Unless the author had subjoined to his work that useful calendar, in which, as the poet conjectures, such periods are ascertained.

————— To-morrow —

It is a Period no where to be found,
In all the hoary registers of Time:
Except perchance in the Fool's Calendar.

It is a pity that so desirable an addition has been omitted by the Author of this treatise also.

out



Illustration of a horse and rider, showing the horse in motion, galloping, and the rider holding a long stick or whip.

out northwards: I myself saw 3s. charged in his bill for wine; this accounts for his want of observation; for the hostler's, I must attribute it to his having been paid beforehand. The Doctor went off at a spurt, pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement, wished to (what is called) mend his pace; but his horse was obdurate, and all his influence could not prevail. The Doctor fancied, at times, he went oddly, and therefore brought to at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination: when he discovered that the hostler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horse's hind legs in the surcingle: and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.

There was an * hostler at Barnet, who was a moralist; possibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental philosopher, and thought an old member of the University the properest sub-

* James Ripley, many years, and till very lately, hostler at the Red Lion, published a Volume of Letters.

ject to put his experiment in execution. It certainly answered, as far as five miles; but how it would succeed in bringing horses of different forms together over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine. It seems as if one might work a lame horse thus, and keep his unsound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated, it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much question if it would ever be generally adopted; when I say *generally*, no reflection upon General officers. A timid Major however, might keep his horse in due subjection on a review day, by this method.

* * * * *

If I have much varied from the instructions laid down by my fellow countrymen in the art of horsemanship, it is possibly in my recommending the shoulder as the proper place to apply the spurs to. In this I am supported by no less a man than Virgil; and your Romans excelled as much in riding as they did in fighting. Virgil was an eye witness, and could not
err,

err, and a man of veracity, and would not lye: he tells us the exact seat of a Roman Dragoon, and very similar it is to that of our own heavy Dragoons.

“Seu spumantis equi, foderet calcaribus *armos*.”

Find me a Schoolmaster hardened enough to deny that *armos* signifies the shoulders, and nothing else! Had the Duke of Newcastle or Mr. Angelo understood a word of Latin, they could not have lived so long in error; and persevered in prescribing a seat on horseback so uncertain and ticklish as they have done.

The publication of this work, however, will doubtless have its effect; nor do I much despair of finding many judges (of riding I mean) coalesce in sentiment with me; or of the seat I recommend, being pretty universally adopted. For as the Poet says, (I forget where I have met with the line) “Series aut citius *sedem* properamus ad unam*.”

* Very indelicate indeed this quotation.

I flatter myself with the hope, of still seeing in
Hyde Park a grand display of my system of
equistation; and not a Sunday slide by, with-
out beholding some promising eleve

————— Fearful to be late,
Scour the new road, and dash thro' Grosvenor
Gate;

Anxious and fearful too his steed to shew,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row;
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Woo's the strange glance of ladies passing by;
Whilst his left heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide.

* * * * *

The Editor is extremely sorry to inform the
reader, that not a line more was found upon the
monstrous Craws; but he hopes his friend's
abilities appear sufficiently conspicuous, by
what remains of this instructive work.

THE END.

